ADAPTED FROM THE EPIC POEM BY HOMER

THE ILIAD

RIVERA
2007

MARVEL
BOOK
MARKET
VARIANT
1

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THE ILIAD

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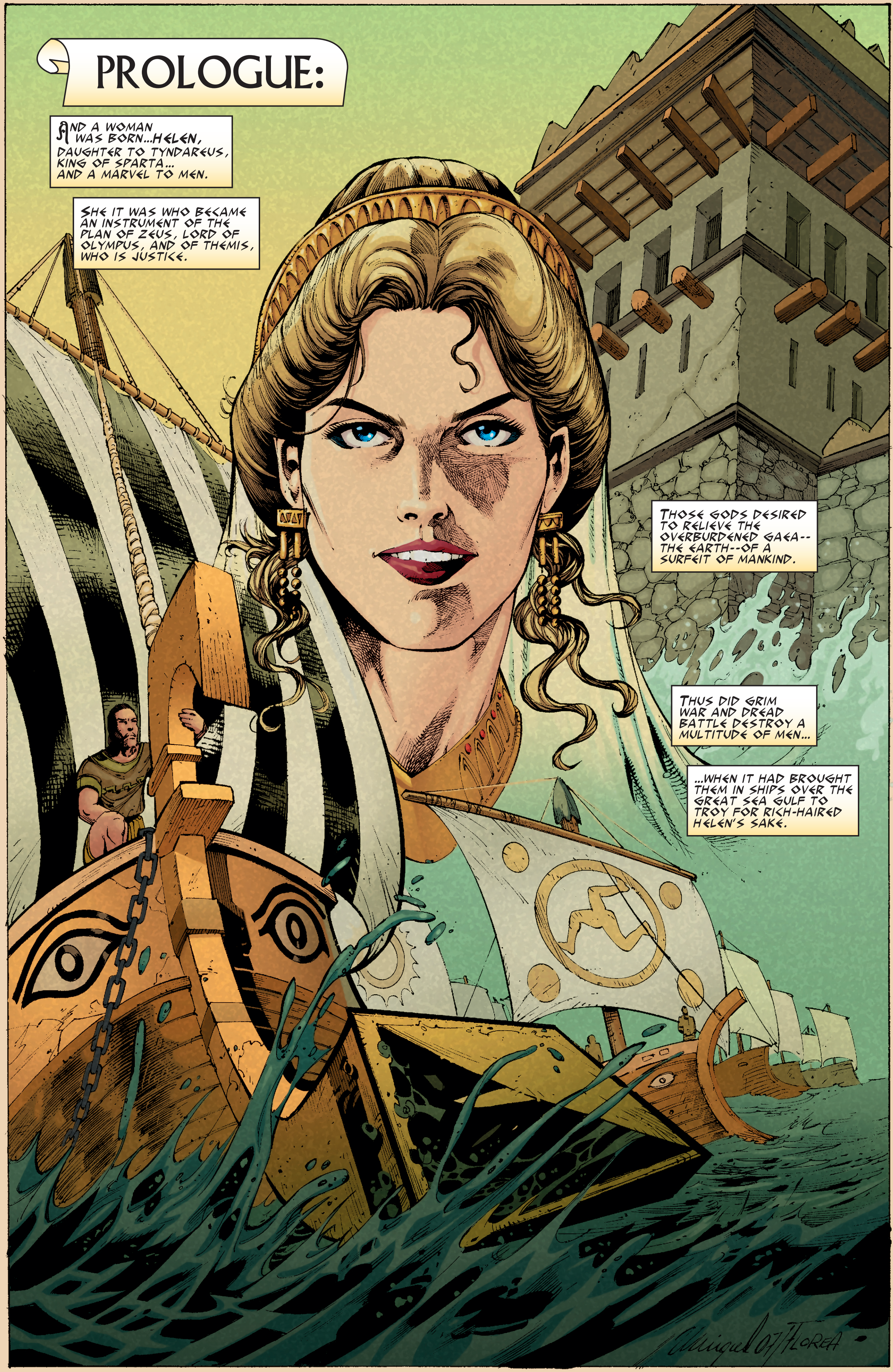
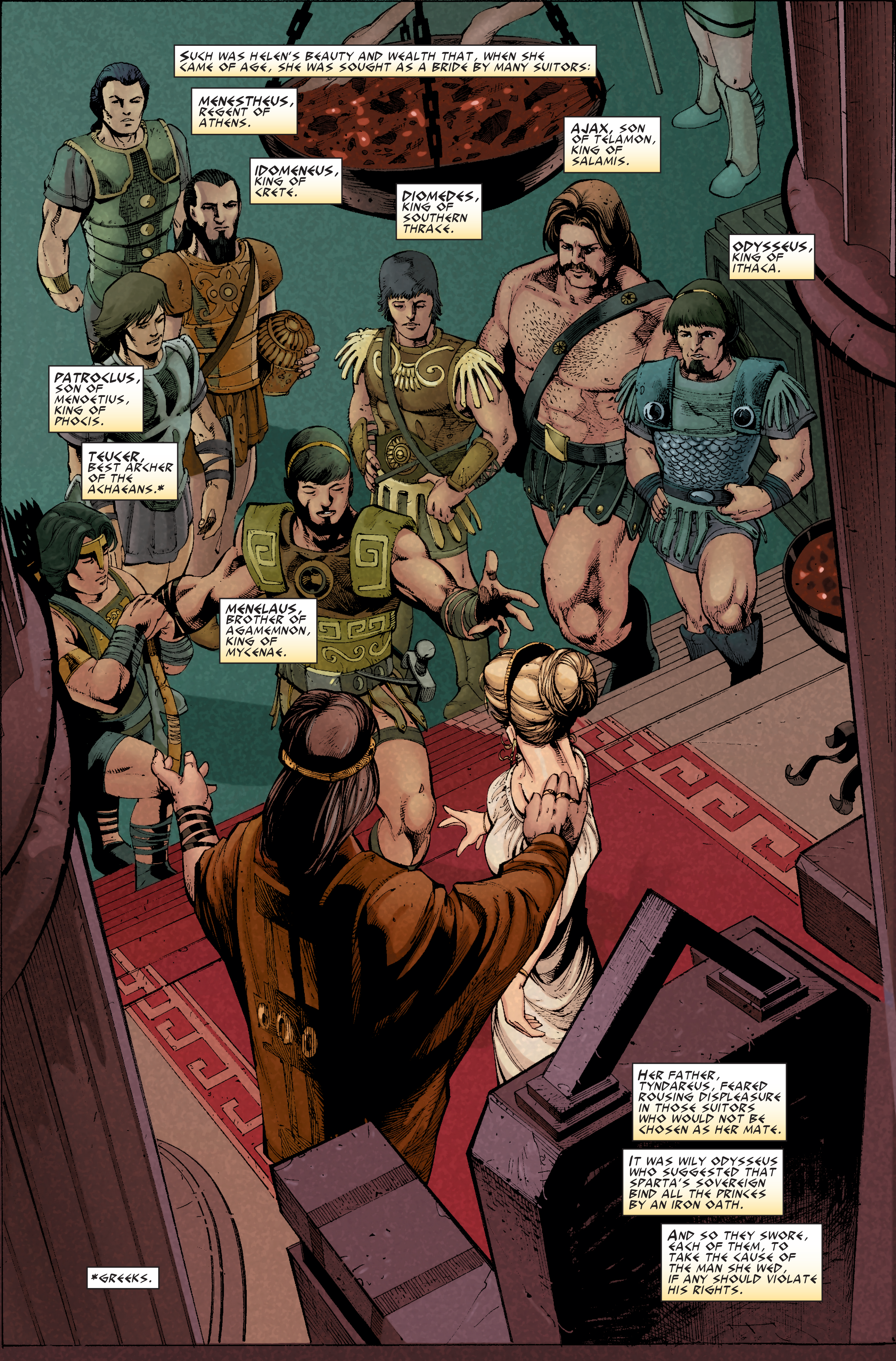
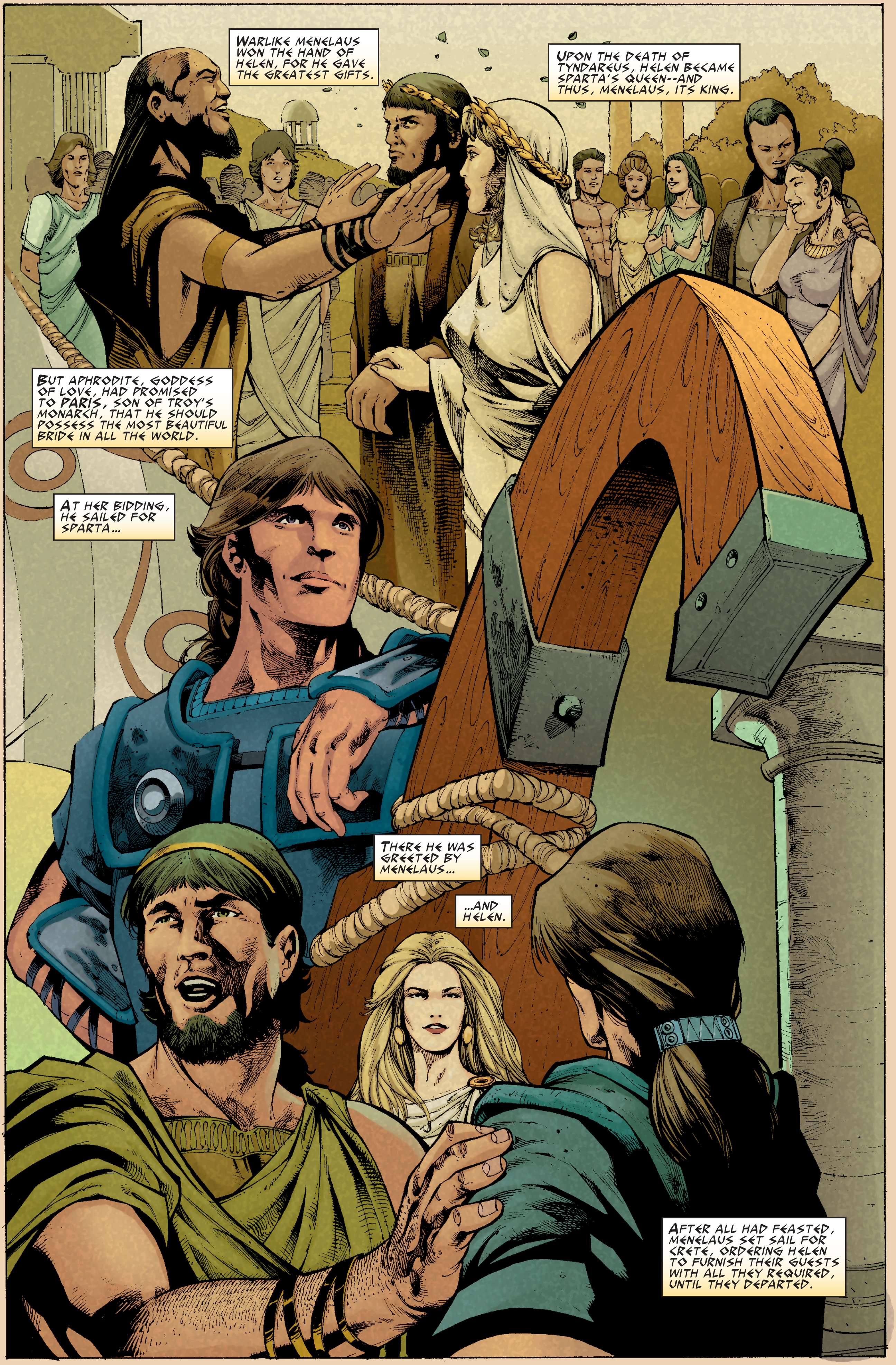
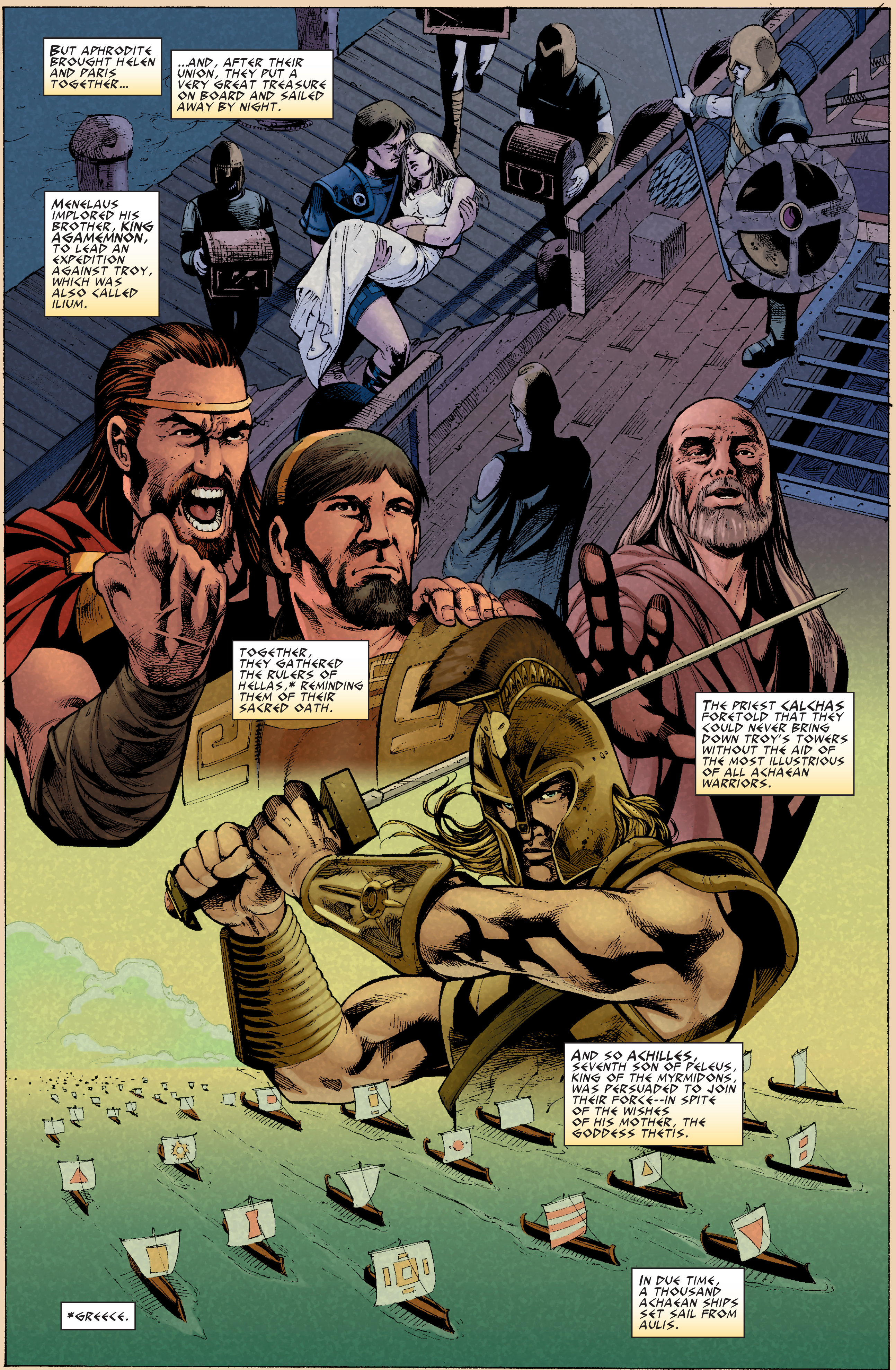
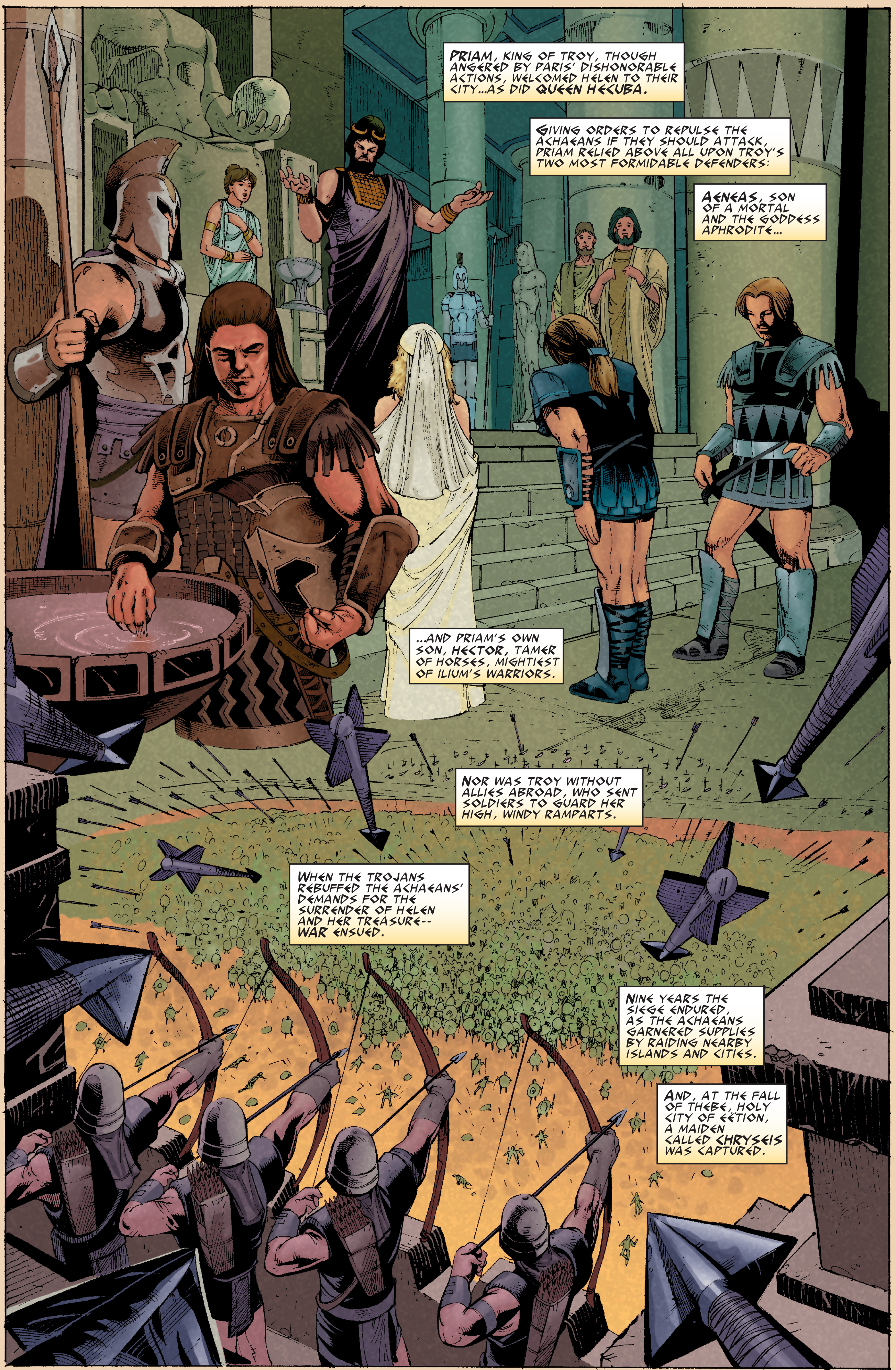
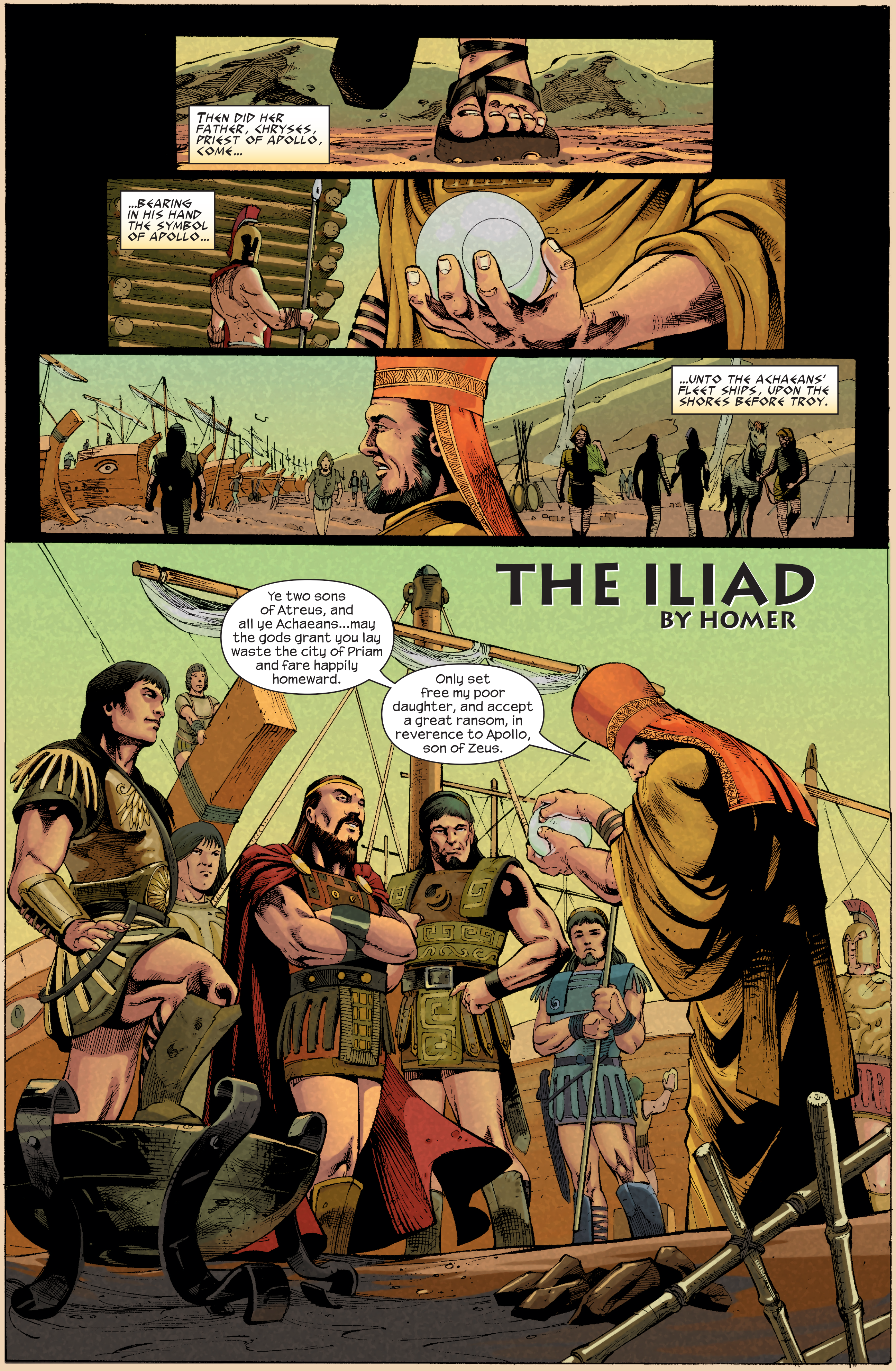

PROLOGUE:
AND A WOMAN WAS BORN...HELEN, DAUGHTER TO TYNDAREUS, KING OF SPARTA... AND A MARVEL TO MEN.
SHE IT WAS WHO BECAME AN INSTRUMENT OF THE PLAN OF ZEUS, LORD OF OLYMPUS, AND OF THEMIS, WHO IS JUSTICE.
THOSE GODS DESIRED TO RELIEVE THE OVERBURDENED GAEA--THE EARTH--OF A SURFEIT OF MANKIND.
THUS DID GRIM WAR AND DREAD BATTLE DESTROY A MULTITUDE OF MEN...
...WHEN IT HAD BROUGHT THEM IN SHIPS OVER THE GREAT SEA GULF TO TROY FOR RICH-HAIRED HELEN'S SAKE.

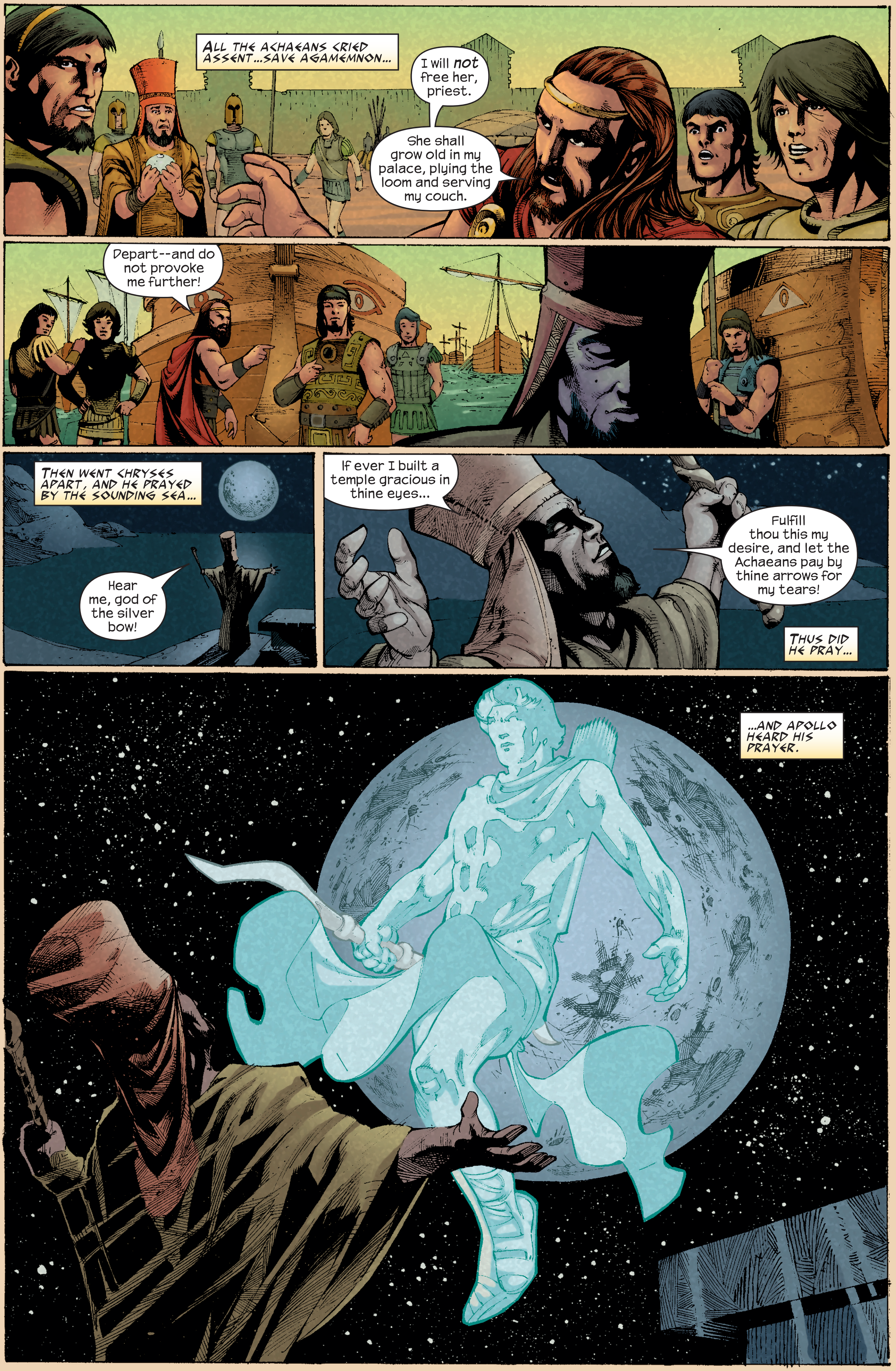

SUCH WAS HELEN'S BEAUTY AND WEALTH THAT, WHEN SHE CAME OF AGE, SHE WAS SOUGHT AS A BRIDE BY MANY SUITORS:
MENESTHEUS, REGENT OF ATHENS.
IDOMENEUS, KING OF CRETE.
DIOMEDES, KING OF SOUTHERN THRACE.
AJAX, SON OF TELAMON, KING OF SALAMIS.
ODYSSEUS, KING OF ITHACA.
PATROCLUS, SON OF MENOETIUS, KING OF PHOCIS.
TEUCER, BEST ARCHER OF THE ACHAEANS.*
MENELAUS, BROTHER OF AGAMEMNON, KING OF MYCENAE.
HER FATHER, TYNDAREUS, FEARED ROUSING DISPLEASURE IN THOSE SUITORS WHO WOULD NOT BE CHOSEN AS HER MATE.
IT WAS WILY ODYSSEUS WHO SUGGESTED THAT SPARTA'S SOVEREIGN BIND ALL THE PRINCES BY AN IRON OATH.
AND SO THEY SWORE, EACH OF THEM, TO TAKE THE CAUSE OF THE MAN SHE WED, IF ANY SHOULD VIOLATE HIS RIGHTS.
*GREEKS.

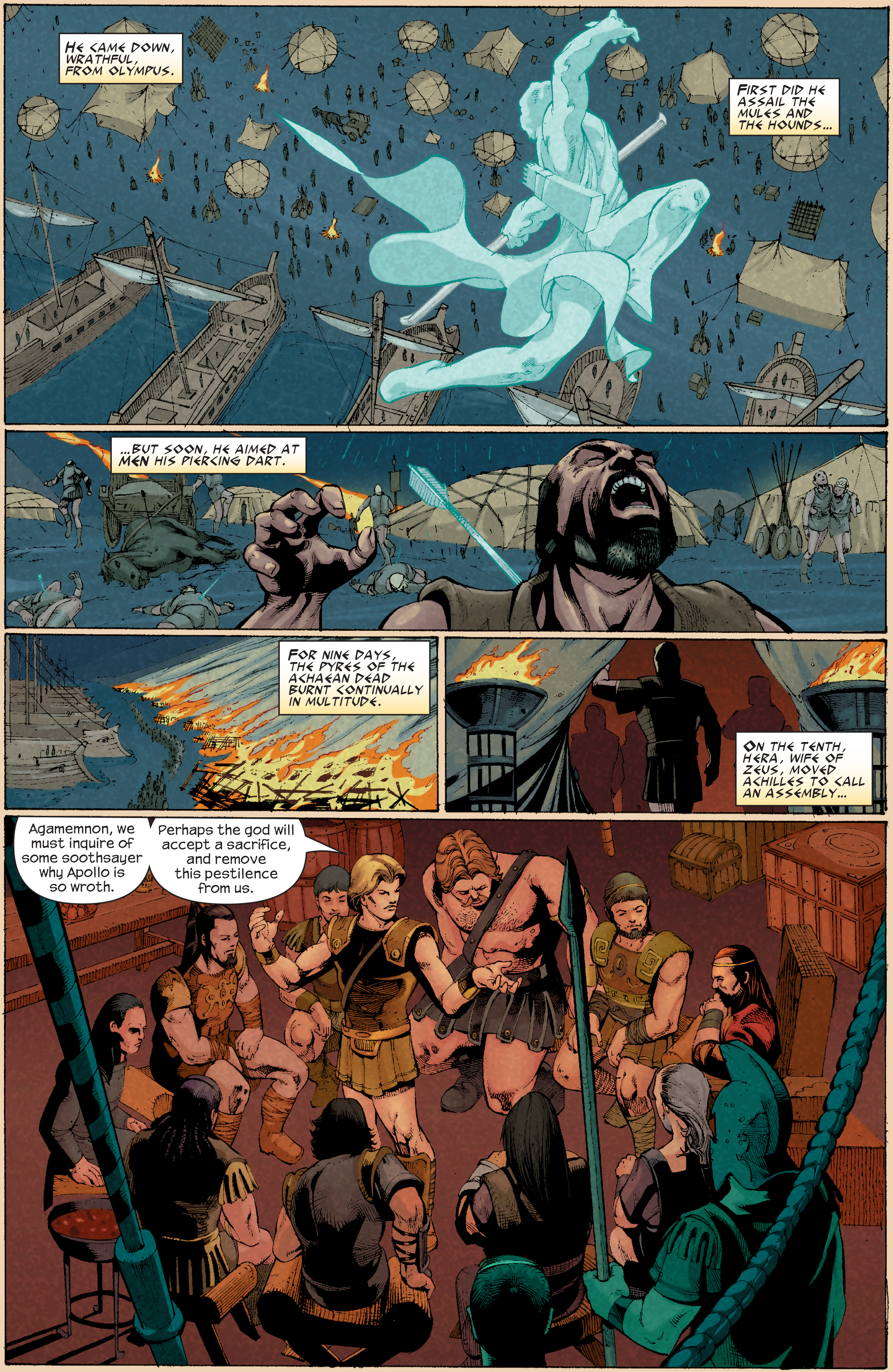

WARLIKE MENELAUS WON THE HAND OF HELEN, FOR HE GAVE THE GREATEST GIFTS.
UPON THE DEATH OF TYNDAREUS, HELEN BECAME SPARTA'S QUEEN--AND THUS, MENELAUS, ITS KING.
BUT APHRODITE, GODDESS OF LOVE, HAD PROMISED TO PARIS, SON OF TROY'S MONARCH, THAT HE SHOULD POSSESS THE MOST BEAUTIFUL BRIDE IN ALL THE WORLD.
AT HER BIDDING, HE SAILED FOR SPARTA...
THERE HE WAS GREETED BY MENELAUS...
...AND HELEN.
AFTER ALL HAD FEASTED, MENELAUS SET SAIL FOR CRETE, ORDERING HELEN TO FURNISH THEIR GUESTS WITH ALL THEY REQUIRED, UNTIL THEY DEPARTED.

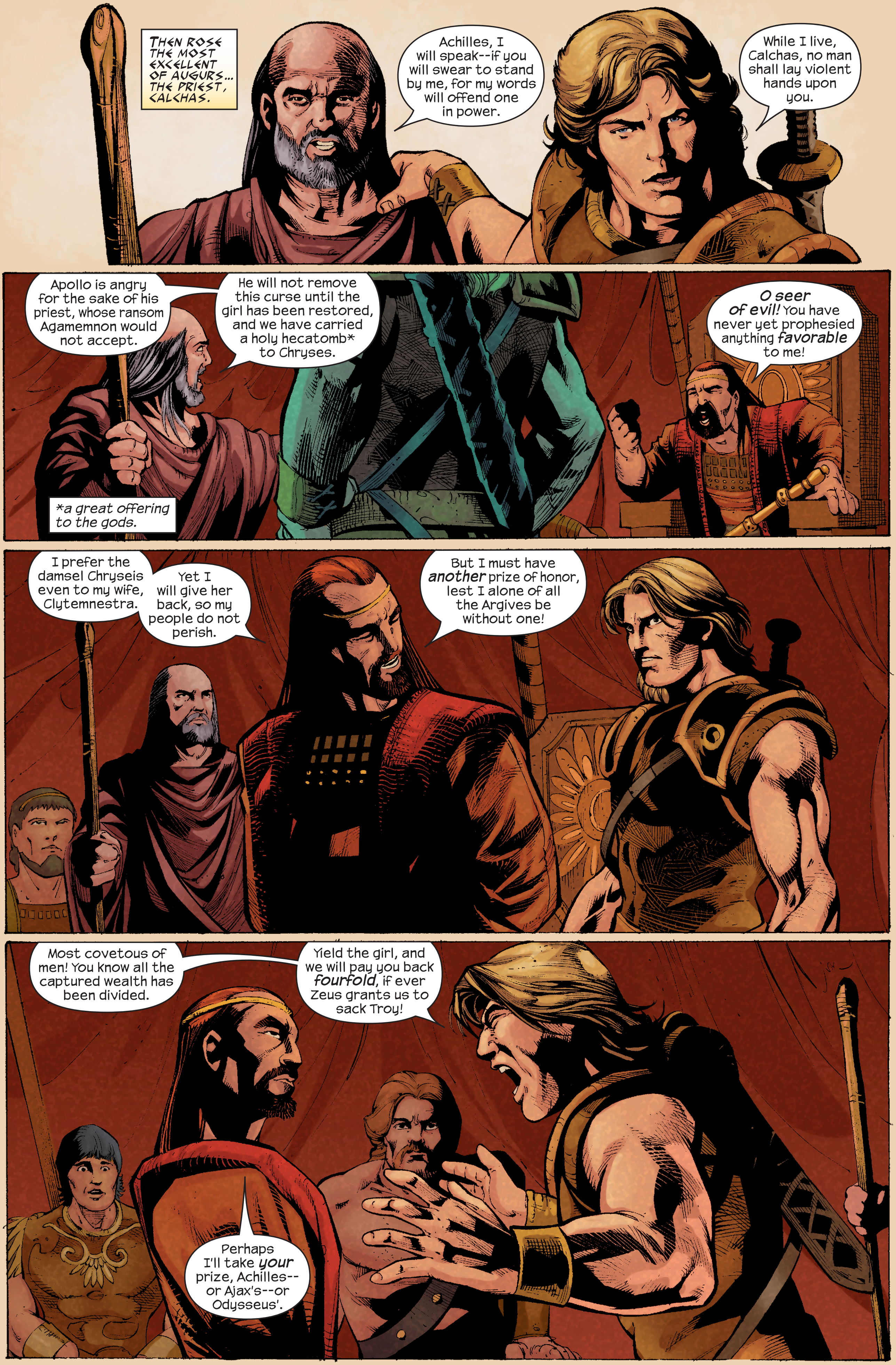

But Aphrodite brought Helen and Paris together...
...and, after their union, they put a very great treasure on board and sailed away by night.
Menelaus implored his brother, King Agamemnon, to lead an expedition against Troy, which was also called Ilium.
Together, they gathered the rulers of Hellas,* reminding them of their sacred oath.
The priest Calchas foretold that they could never bring down Troy's towers without the aid of the most illustrious of all Achaean warriors.
And so Achilles, seventh son of Peleus, King of the Myrmidons, was persuaded to join their force--in spite of the wishes of his mother, the goddess Thetis.
In due time, a thousand Achaean ships set sail from Aulis.
*Greece.

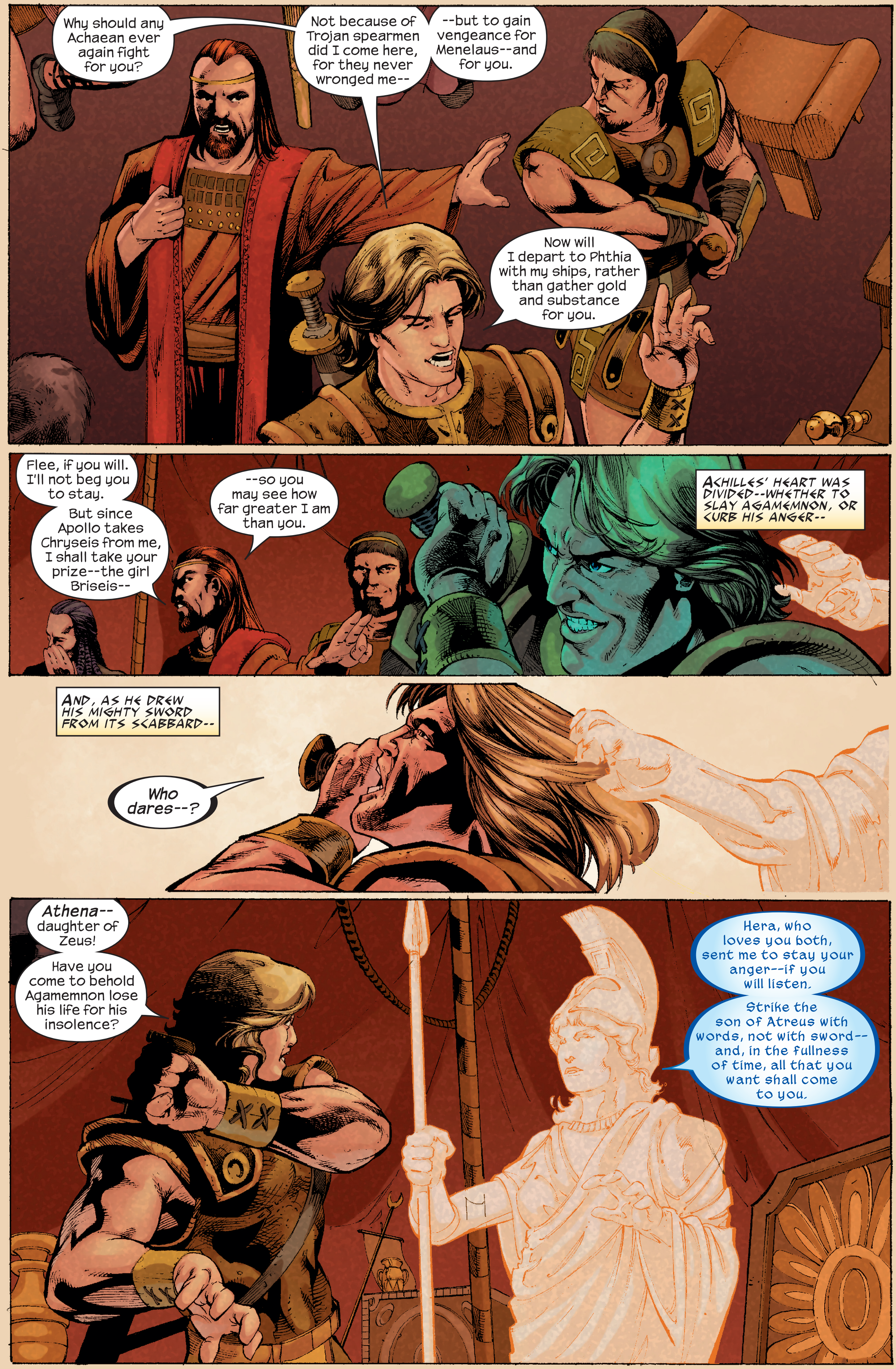

PRIAM, KING OF TROY, THOUGH ANGERED BY PARIS' DISHONORABLE ACTIONS, WELCOMED HELEN TO THEIR CITY...AS DID **QUEEN HECUBA**.
GIVING ORDERS TO REPULSE THE ACHAEANS IF THEY SHOULD ATTACK, PRIAM RELIED ABOVE ALL UPON TROY'S TWO MOST FORMIDABLE DEFENDERS:
AENEAS, SON OF A MORTAL AND THE GODDESS APHRODITE...
...AND PRIAM'S OWN SON, **HECTOR**, TAMER OF HORSES, MIGHTIEST OF ILIUM'S WARRIORS.
NOR WAS TROY WITHOUT ALLIES ABROAD, WHO SENT SOLDIERS TO GUARD HER HIGH, WINDY RAMPARTS.
WHEN THE TROJANS REBUFFED THE ACHAEANS' DEMANDS FOR THE SURRENDER OF HELEN AND HER TREASURE--**WAR** ENSUED.
NINE YEARS THE SIEGE ENDURED, AS THE ACHAEANS GARNERED SUPPLIES BY RAIDING NEARBY ISLANDS AND CITIES.
AND, AT THE FALL OF THEBE, HOLY CITY OF EËTION, A MAIDEN CALLED **CHRYSEIS** WAS CAPTURED.

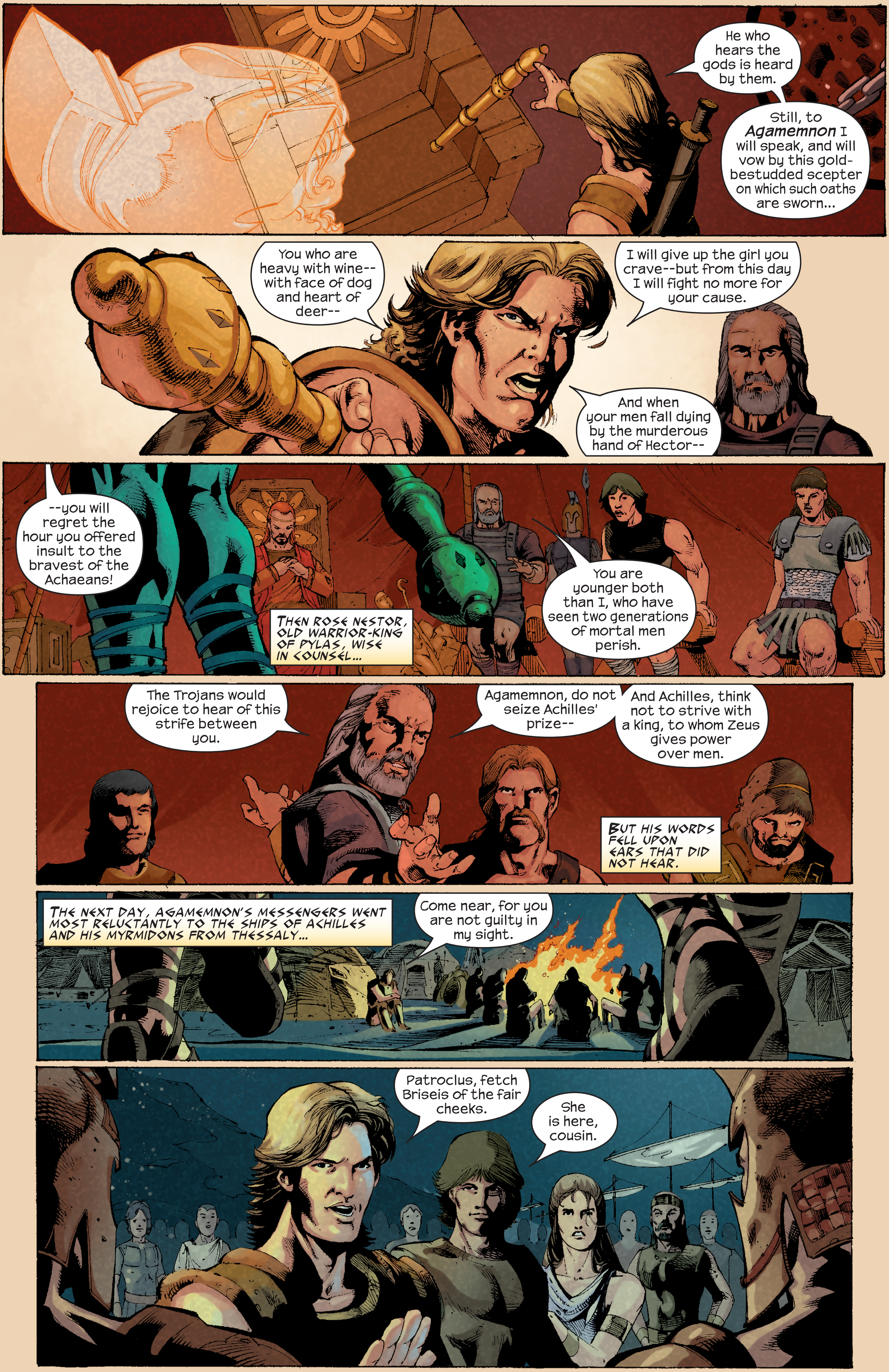

THEN DID HER FATHER, CHRYSES, PRIEST OF APOLLO, COME...
...BEARING IN HIS HAND THE SYMBOL OF APOLLO...
...UNTO THE ACHAEANS' FLEET SHIPS, UPON THE SHORES BEFORE TROY.
THE ILIAD
BY HOMER
Ye two sons of Atreus, and all ye Achaeans...may the gods grant you lay waste the city of Priam and fare happily homeward.
Only set free my poor daughter, and accept a great ransom, in reverence to Apollo, son of Zeus.

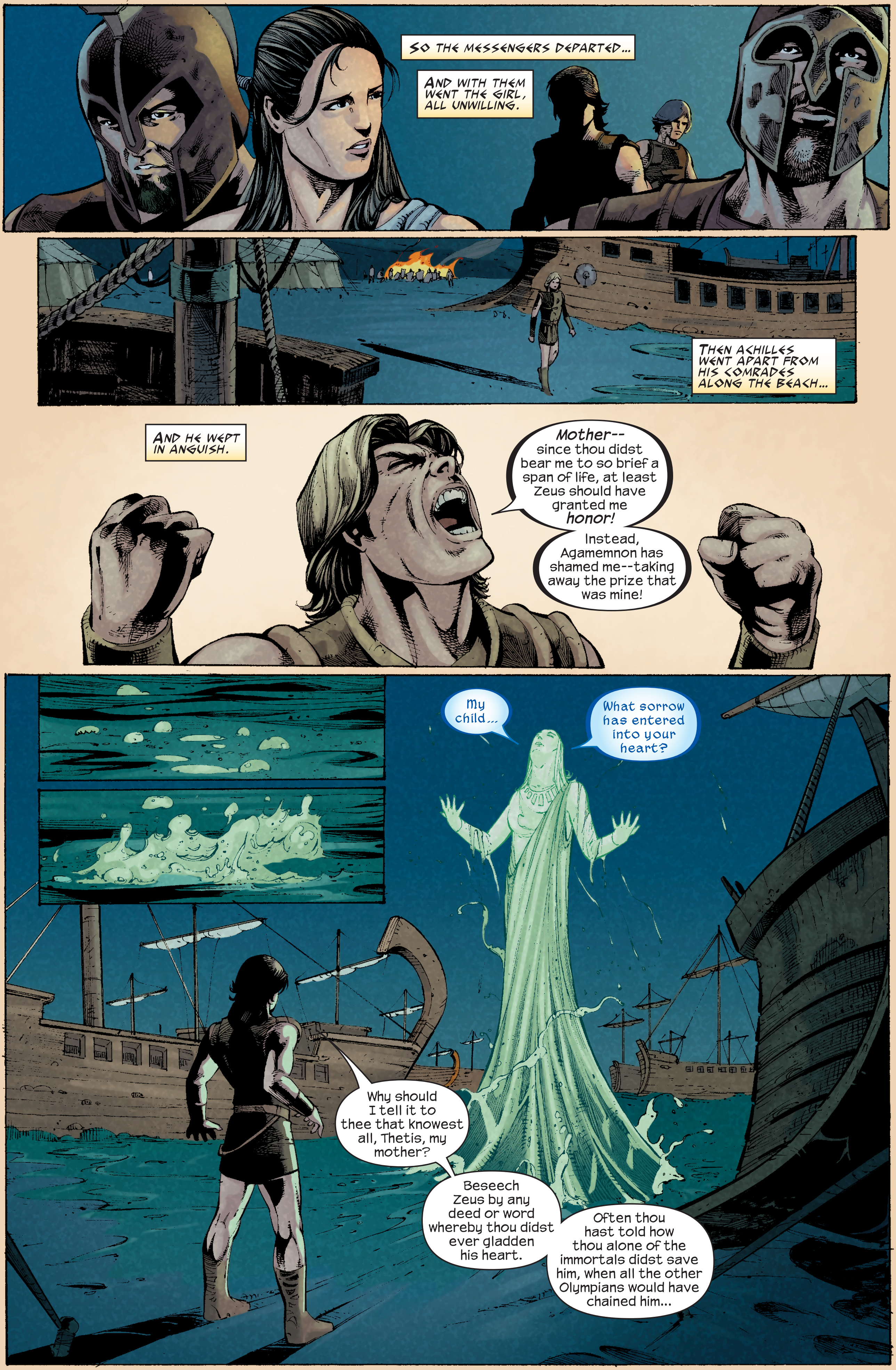

ALL THE ACHAEANS CRIED ASSENT...SAVE AGAMEMNON...
I will *not* free her, priest.
She shall grow old in my palace, plying the loom and serving my couch.
Depart--and do not provoke me further!
THEN WENT CHRYSES APART, AND HE PRAYED BY THE SOUNDING SEA...
Hear me, god of the silver bow!
If ever I built a temple gracious in thine eyes...
Fulfill thou this my desire, and let the Achaeans pay by thine arrows for my tears!
THUS DID HE PRAY...
...AND APOLLO HEARD HIS PRAYER.

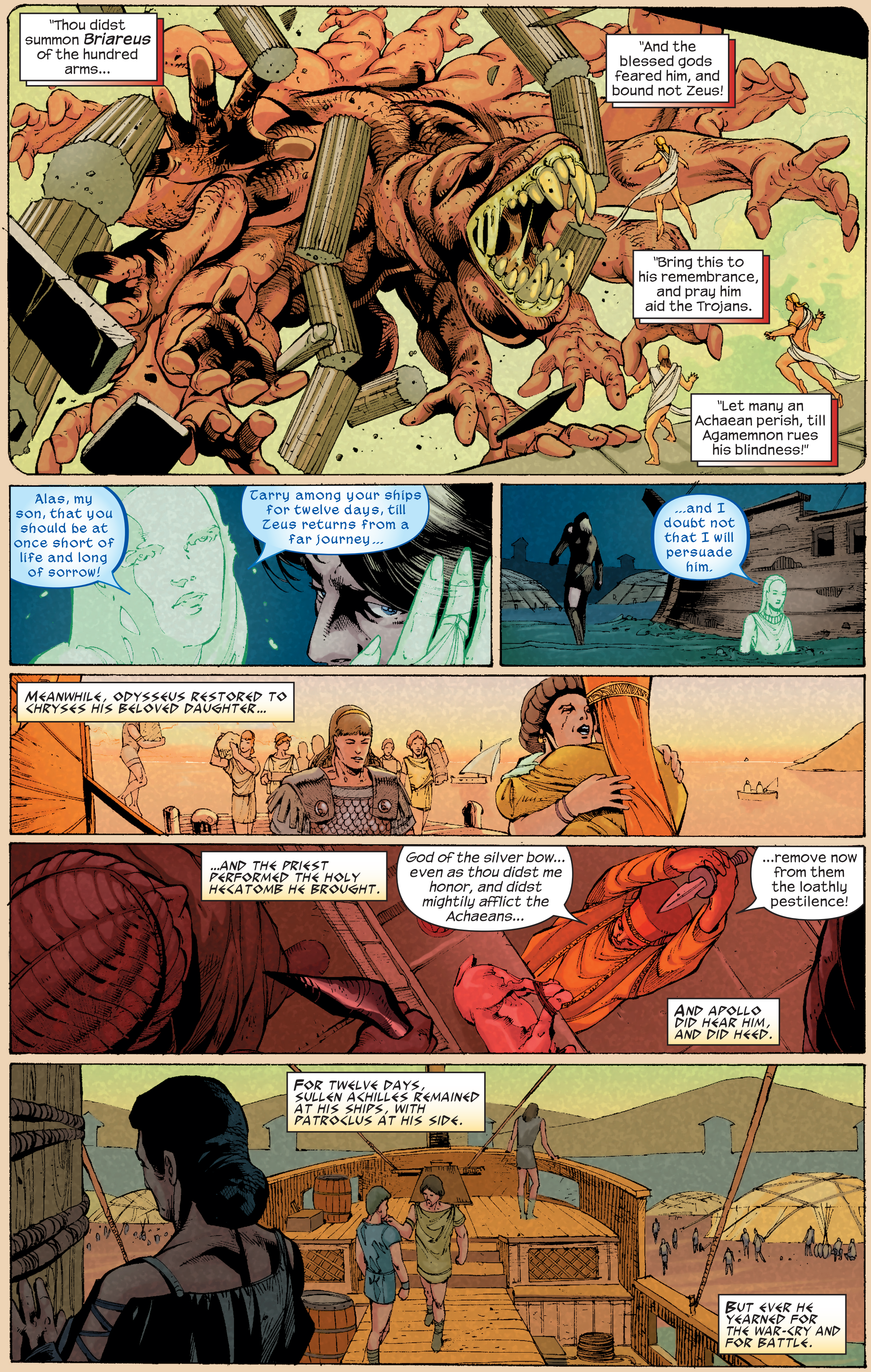

HE CAME DOWN, WRATHFUL, FROM OLYMPUS.
FIRST DID HE ASSAIL THE MULES AND THE HOUNDS...
...BUT SOON, HE AIMED AT MEN HIS PIERCING DART.
FOR NINE DAYS, THE PYRES OF THE ACHAEAN DEAD BURNT CONTINUALLY IN MULTITUDE.
ON THE TENTH, HERA, WIFE OF ZEUS, MOVED ACHILLES TO CALL AN ASSEMBLY...
Agamemnon, we must inquire of some soothsayer why Apollo is so wroth.
Perhaps the god will accept a sacrifice, and remove this pestilence from us.

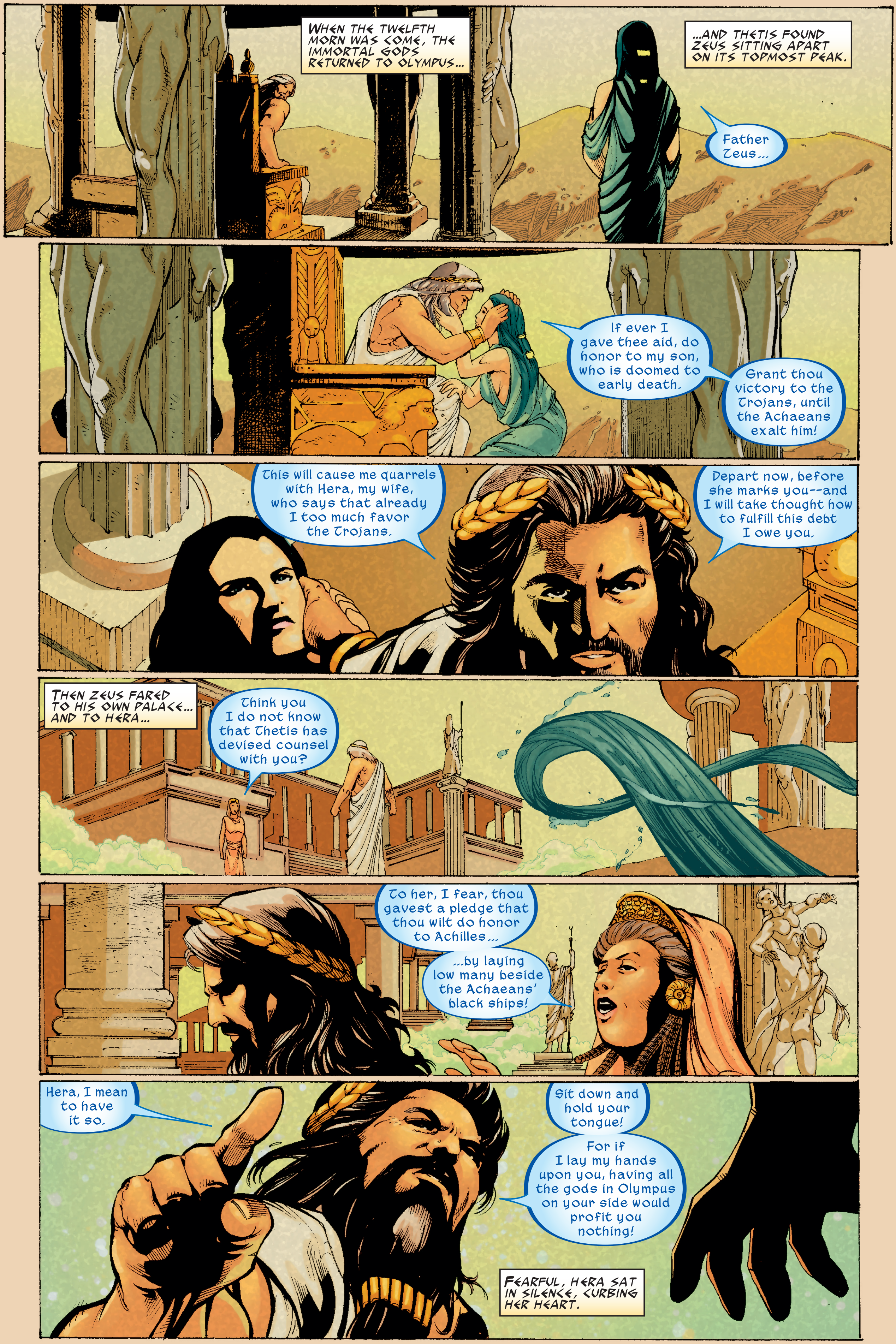

THEN ROSE THE MOST EXCELLENT OF AUGURS... THE PRIEST, CALCHAS.
Achilles, I will speak--if you will swear to stand by me, for my words will offend one in power.
While I live, Calchas, no man shall lay violent hands upon you.
Apollo is angry for the sake of his priest, whose ransom Agamemnon would not accept.
He will not remove this curse until the girl has been restored, and we have carried a holy hecatomb* to Chryses.
*a great offering to the gods.
O seer of evil! You have never yet prophesied anything favorable to me!
I prefer the damsel Chryseis even to my wife, Clytemnestra.
Yet I will give her back, so my people do not perish.
But I must have another prize of honor, lest I alone of all the Argives be without one!
Most covetous of men! You know all the captured wealth has been divided.
Yield the girl, and we will pay you back fourfold, if ever Zeus grants us to sack Troy!
Perhaps I'll take your prize, Achilles--or Ajax's--or Odysseus'.

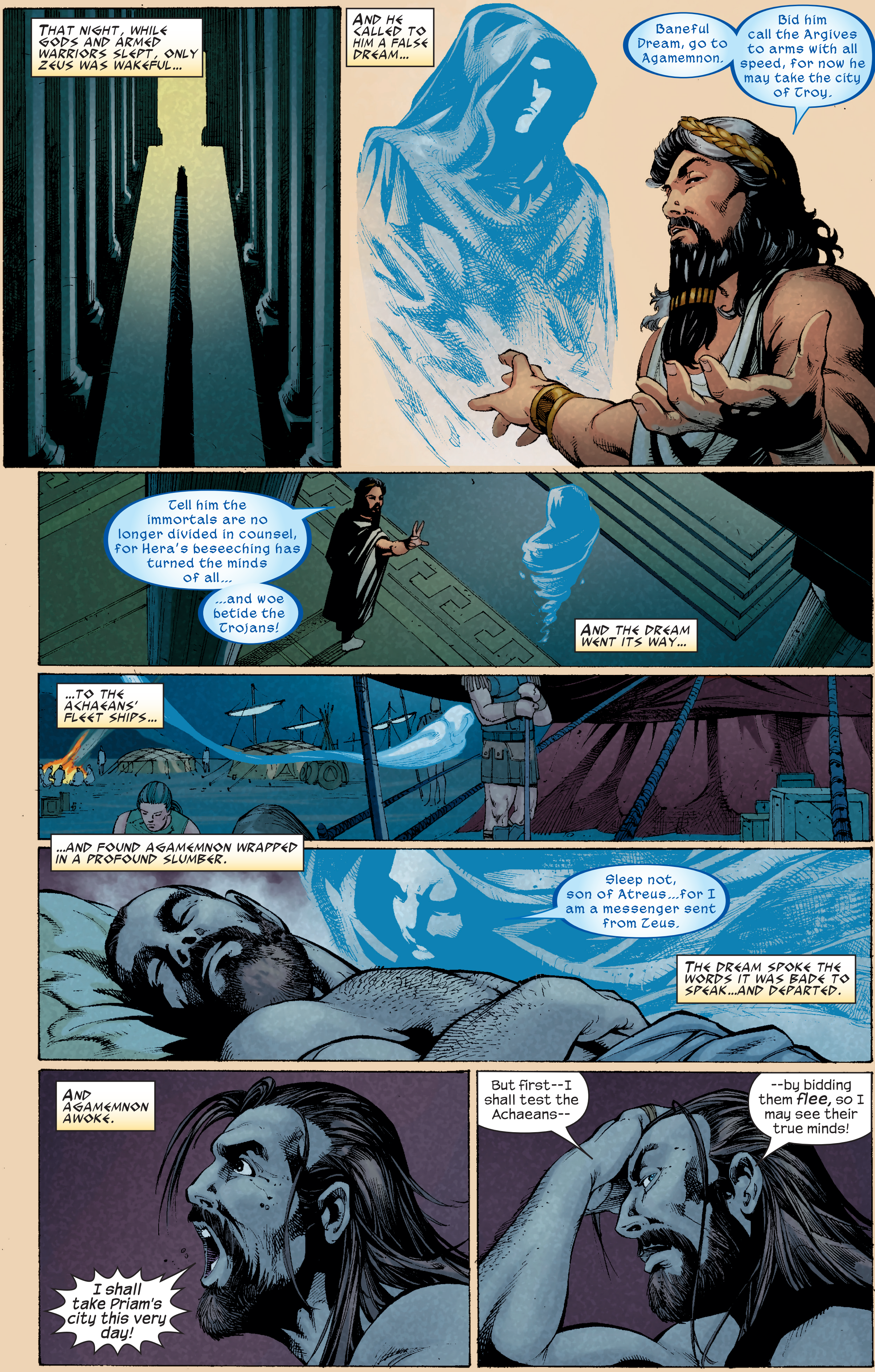

Why should any Achaean ever again fight for you?
Not because of Trojan spearmen did I come here, for they never wronged me--
--but to gain vengeance for Menelaus--and for you.
Now will I depart to Phthia with my ships, rather than gather gold and substance for you.
Flee, if you will. I'll not beg you to stay.
But since Apollo takes Chryseis from me, I shall take your prize--the girl Briseis--
--so you may see how far greater I am than you.
ACHILLES' HEART WAS DIVIDED--WHETHER TO SLAY AGAMEMNON, OR CURB HIS ANGER--
AND, AS HE DREW HIS MIGHTY SWORD FROM ITS SCABBARD--
Who dares--?
Athena--daughter of Zeus!
Have you come to behold Agamemnon lose his life for his insolence?
Hera, who loves you both, sent me to stay your anger--if you will listen.
Strike the son of Atreus with words, not with sword--and, in the fullness of time, all that you want shall come to you.

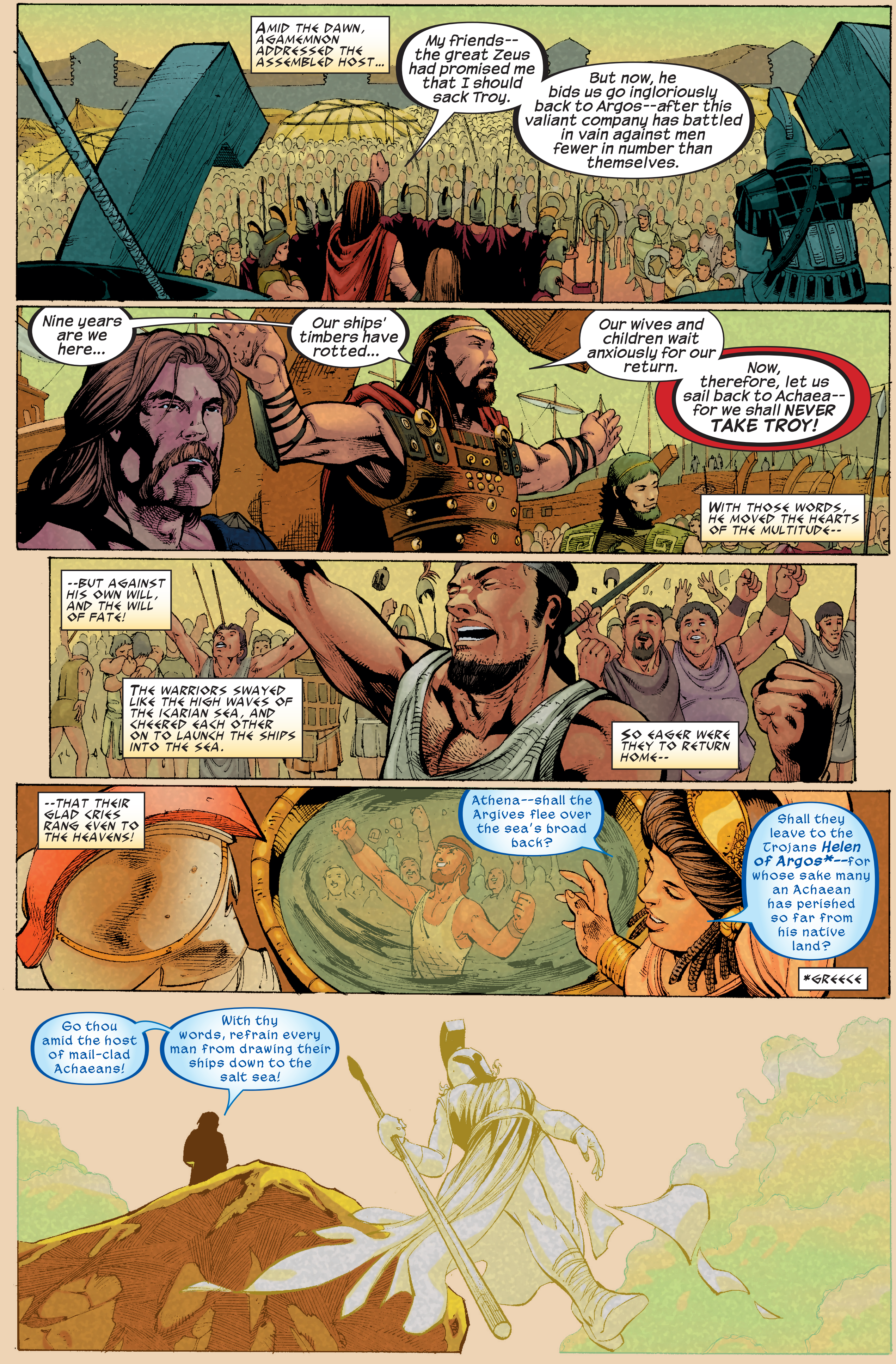

He who hears the gods is heard by them.
Still, to *Agamemnon* I will speak, and will vow by this gold-bestudded scepter on which such oaths are sworn...
You who are heavy with wine--with face of dog and heart of deer--
I will give up the girl you crave--but from this day I will fight no more for your cause.
And when your men fall dying by the murderous hand of Hector--
--you will regret the hour you offered insult to the bravest of the Achaeans!
THEN ROSE NESTOR, OLD WARRIOR-KING OF PYLAS, WISE IN COUNSEL...
You are younger both than I, who have seen two generations of mortal men perish.
The Trojans would rejoice to hear of this strife between you.
Agamemnon, do not seize Achilles' prize--
And Achilles, think not to strive with a king, to whom Zeus gives power over men.
BUT HIS WORDS FELL UPON EARS THAT DID NOT HEAR.
THE NEXT DAY, AGAMEMNON'S MESSENGERS WENT MOST RELUCTANTLY TO THE SHIPS OF ACHILLES AND HIS MYRMIDONS FROM THESSALY...
Come near, for you are not guilty in my sight.
Patroclus, fetch Briseis of the fair cheeks.
She is here, cousin.

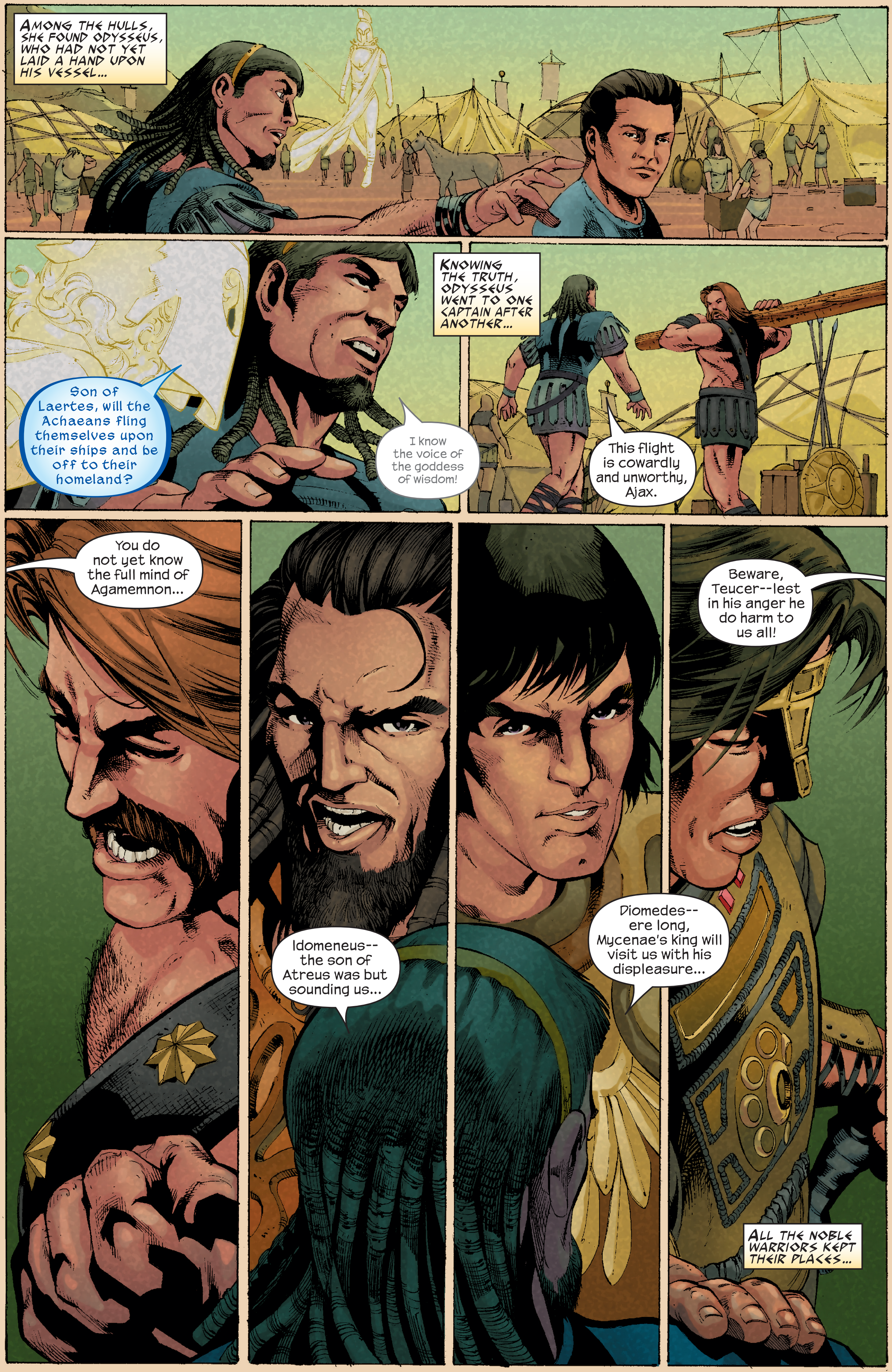

SO THE MESSENGERS DEPARTED...
AND WITH THEM WENT THE GIRL, ALL UNWILLING.
THEN ACHILLES WENT APART FROM HIS COMRADES ALONG THE BEACH...
AND HE WEPT IN ANGUISH.
Mother-- since thou didst bear me to so brief a span of life, at least Zeus should have granted me honor!
Instead, Agamemnon has shamed me--taking away the prize that was mine!
My child...
What sorrow has entered into your heart?
Why should I tell it to thee that knowest all, Thetis, my mother?
Beseech Zeus by any deed or word whereby thou didst ever gladden his heart.
Often thou hast told how thou alone of the immortals didst save him, when all the other Olympians would have chained him...

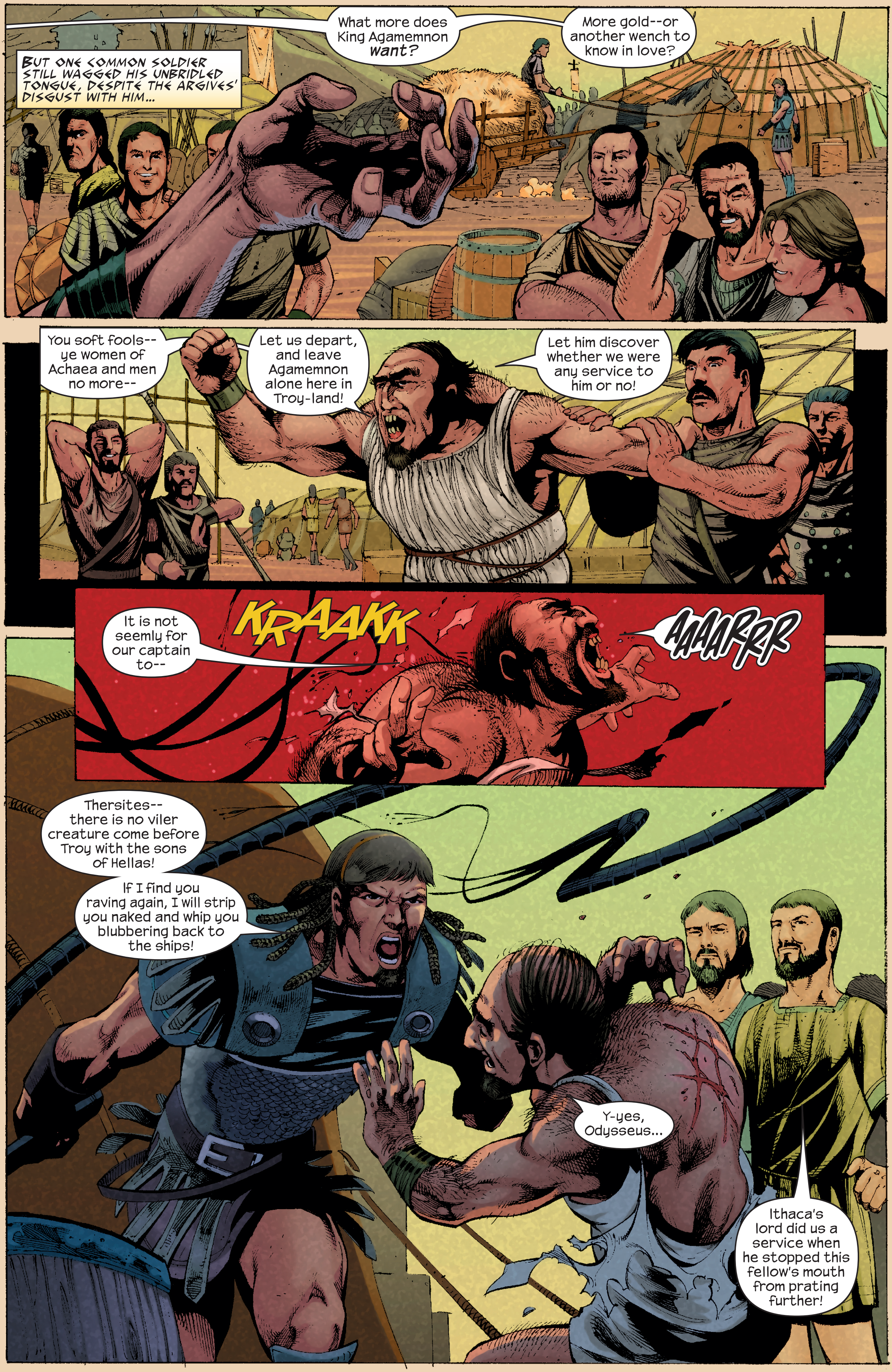

"Thou didst summon **Briareus** of the hundred arms...
"And the blessed gods feared him, and bound not Zeus!
"Bring this to his remembrance, and pray him aid the Trojans.
"Let many an Achaean perish, till Agamemnon rues his blindness!"
Alas, my son, that you should be at once short of life and long of sorrow!
Tarry among your ships for twelve days, till Zeus returns from a far journey...
...and I doubt not that I will persuade him.
MEANWHILE, ODYSSEUS RESTORED TO CHRYSES HIS BELOVED DAUGHTER...
...AND THE PRIEST PERFORMED THE HOLY HECATOMB HE BROUGHT.
God of the silver bow... even as thou didst me honor, and didst mightily afflict the Achaeans...
...remove now from them the loathly pestilence!
AND APOLLO DID HEAR HIM, AND DID HEED.
FOR TWELVE DAYS, SULLEN ACHILLES REMAINED AT HIS SHIPS, WITH PATROCLUS AT HIS SIDE.
BUT EVER HE YEARNED FOR THE WAR-CRY AND FOR BATTLE.

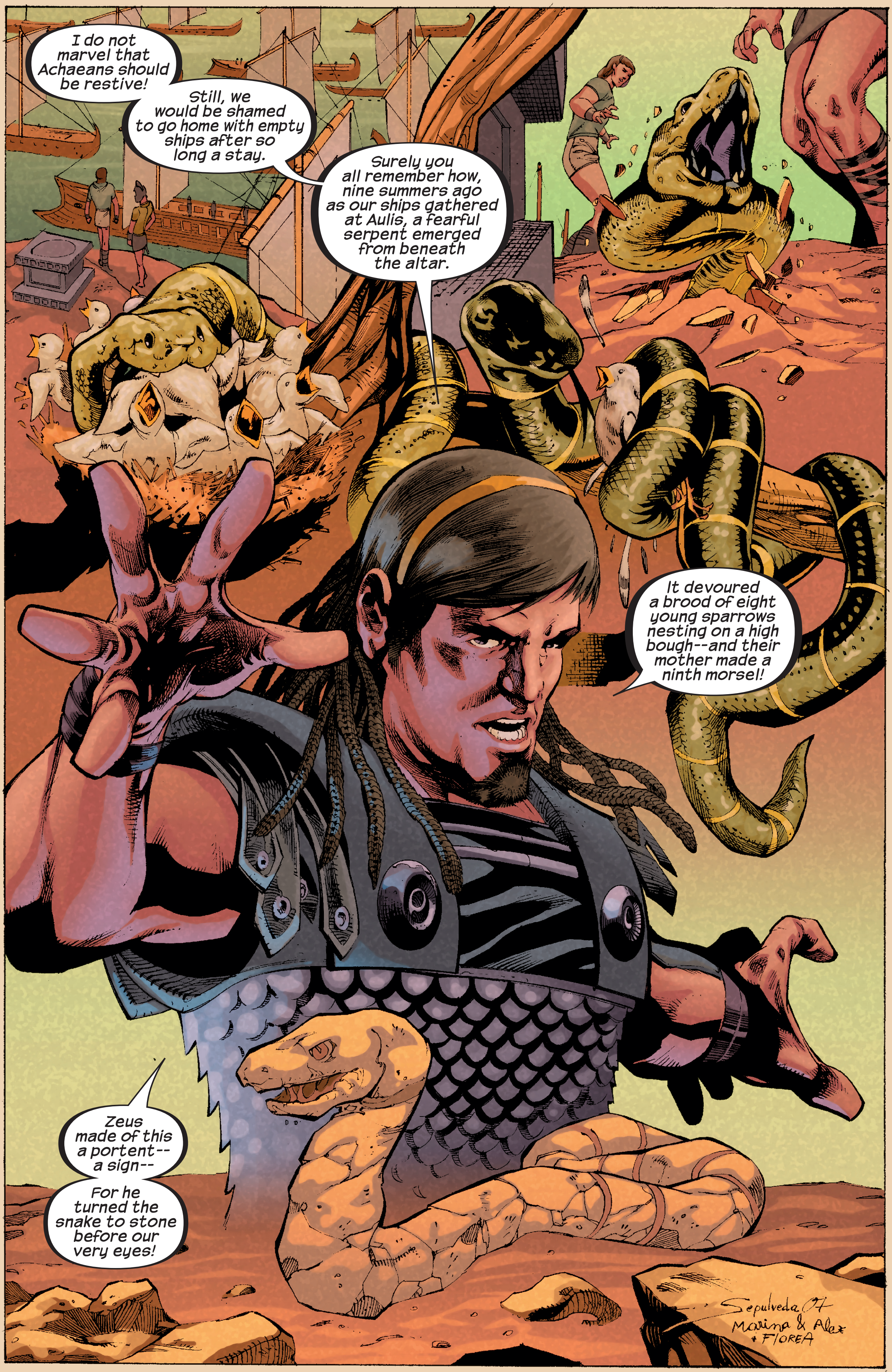

WHEN THE TWELFTH MORN WAS COME, THE IMMORTAL GODS RETURNED TO OLYMPUS...
...AND THETIS FOUND ZEUS SITTING APART ON ITS TOPMOST PEAK.
Father Zeus...
If ever I gave thee aid, do honor to my son, who is doomed to early death.
Grant thou victory to the Trojans, until the Achaeans exalt him!
This will cause me quarrels with Hera, my wife, who says that already I too much favor the Trojans.
Depart now, before she marks you--and I will take thought how to fulfill this debt I owe you.
THEN ZEUS FARED TO HIS OWN PALACE... AND TO HERA...
Think you I do not know that Thetis has devised counsel with you?
To her, I fear, thou gavest a pledge that thou wilt do honor to Achilles...
...by laying low many beside the Achaeans' black ships!
Hera, I mean to have it so.
Sit down and hold your tongue!
For if I lay my hands upon you, having all the gods in Olympus on your side would profit you nothing!
FEARFUL, HERA SAT IN SILENCE, CURBING HER HEART.

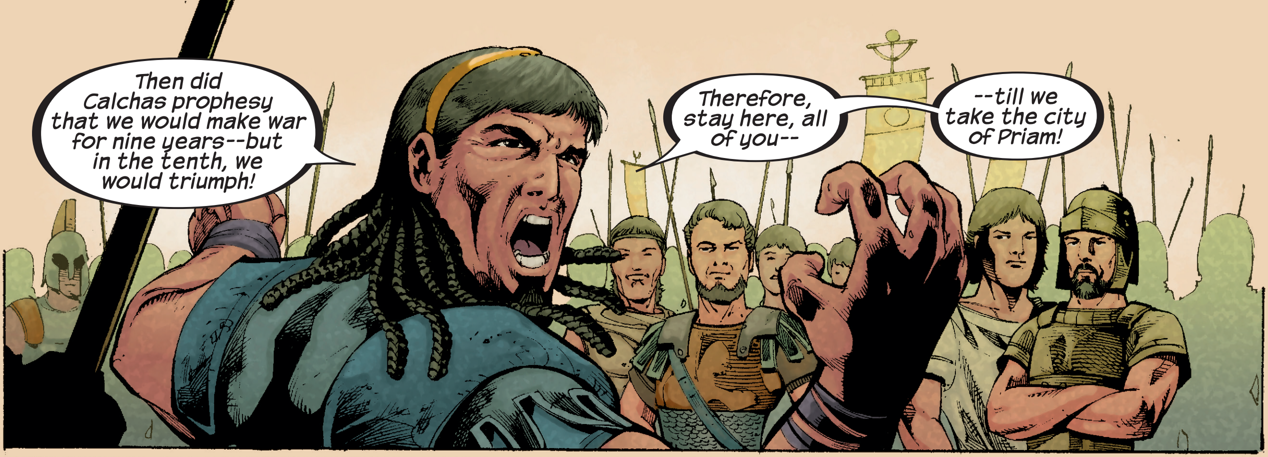

THAT NIGHT, WHILE GODS AND ARMED WARRIORS SLEPT, ONLY ZEUS WAS WAKEFUL...
AND HE CALLED TO HIM A FALSE DREAM...
Baneful Dream, go to Agamemnon.
Bid him call the Argives to arms with all speed, for now he may take the city of Troy.
Tell him the immortals are no longer divided in counsel, for Hera's beseeching has turned the minds of all...
...and woe betide the Trojans!
AND THE DREAM WENT ITS WAY...
...TO THE ACHAEANS' FLEET SHIPS...
...AND FOUND AGAMEMNON WRAPPED IN A PROFOUND SLUMBER.
Sleep not, son of Atreus...for I am a messenger sent from Zeus.
THE DREAM SPOKE THE WORDS IT WAS BADE TO SPEAK...AND DEPARTED.
AND AGAMEMNON AWOKE.
I shall take Priam's city this very day!
But first--I shall test the Achaeans--
--by bidding them *flee*, so I may see their true minds!

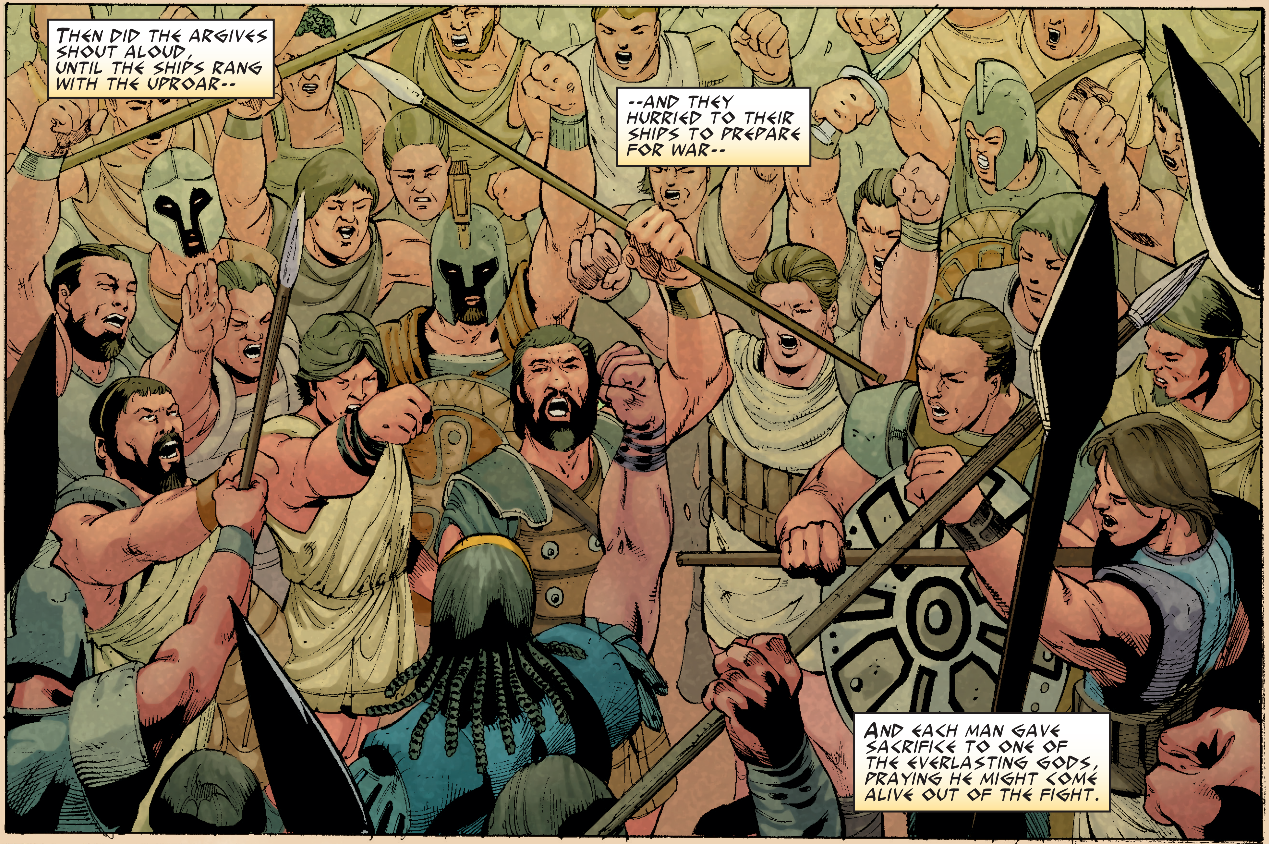

AMID THE DAWN, AGAMEMNON ADDRESSED THE ASSEMBLED HOST...
My friends-- the great Zeus had promised me that I should sack Troy.
But now, he bids us go ingloriously back to Argos--after this valiant company has battled in vain against men fewer in number than themselves.
Nine years are we here...
Our ships' timbers have rotted...
Our wives and children wait anxiously for our return.
Now, therefore, let us sail back to Achaea--for we shall NEVER TAKE TROY!
WITH THOSE WORDS, HE MOVED THE HEARTS OF THE MULTITUDE--
--BUT AGAINST HIS OWN WILL, AND THE WILL OF FATE!
THE WARRIORS SWAYED LIKE THE HIGH WAVES OF THE ICARIAN SEA, AND CHEERED EACH OTHER ON TO LAUNCH THE SHIPS INTO THE SEA.
SO EAGER WERE THEY TO RETURN HOME--
--THAT THEIR GLAD CRIES RANG EVEN TO THE HEAVENS!
Athena--shall the Argives flee over the sea's broad back?
Shall they leave to the Trojans Helen of Argos*--for whose sake many an Achaean has perished so far from his native land?
*GREECE
Go thou amid the host of mail-clad Achaeans!
With thy words, refrain every man from drawing their ships down to the salt sea!

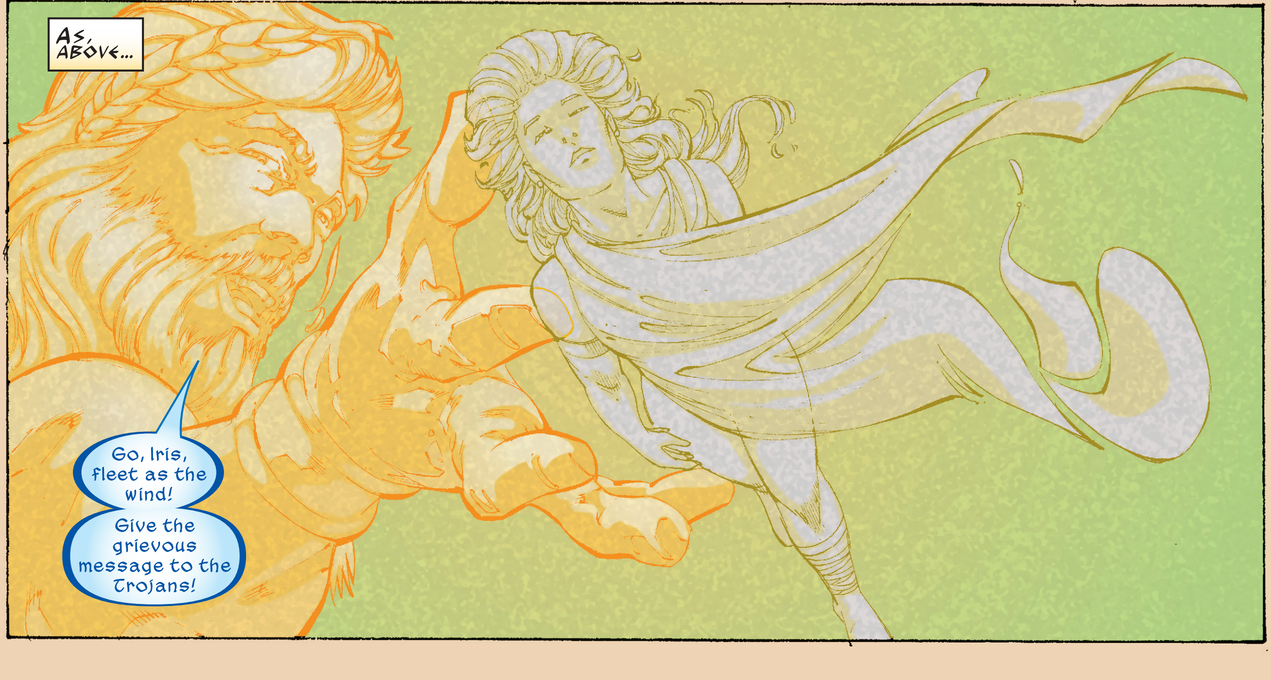

AMONG THE HULLS, SHE FOUND ODYSSEUS, WHO HAD NOT YET LAID A HAND UPON HIS VESSEL...
Son of Laertes, will the Achaeans fling themselves upon their ships and be off to their homeland?
I know the voice of the goddess of wisdom!
KNOWING THE TRUTH, ODYSSEUS WENT TO ONE CAPTAIN AFTER ANOTHER...
This flight is cowardly and unworthy, Ajax.
You do not yet know the full mind of Agamemnon...
Idomeneus--the son of Atreus was but sounding us...
Diomedes--ere long, Mycenae's king will visit us with his displeasure...
Beware, Teucer--lest in his anger he do harm to us all!
ALL THE NOBLE WARRIORS KEPT THEIR PLACES...

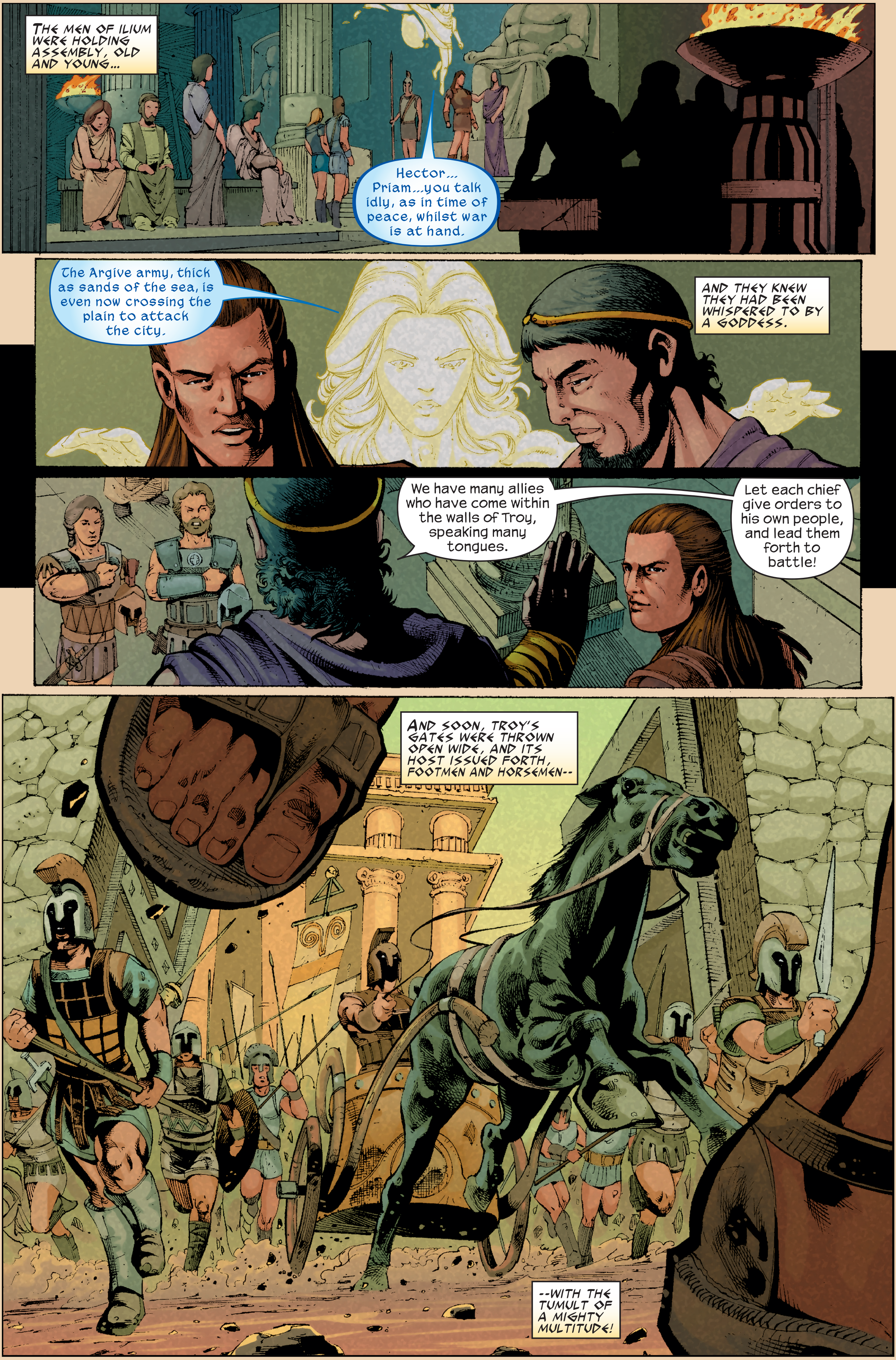

BUT ONE COMMON SOLDIER STILL WAGGED HIS UNBRIDLED TONGUE, DESPITE THE ARGIVES' DISGUST WITH HIM...
What more does King Agamemnon *want?*
More gold--or another wench to know in love?
You soft fools--ye women of Achaea and men no more--
Let us depart, and leave Agamemnon alone here in Troy-land!
Let him discover whether we were any service to him or no!
It is not seemly for our captain to--
KRAAKK
AAAARRR
Thersites--there is no viler creature come before Troy with the sons of Hellas!
If I find you raving again, I will strip you naked and whip you blubbering back to the ships!
Y-yes, Odysseus...
Ithaca's lord did us a service when he stopped this fellow's mouth from prating further!

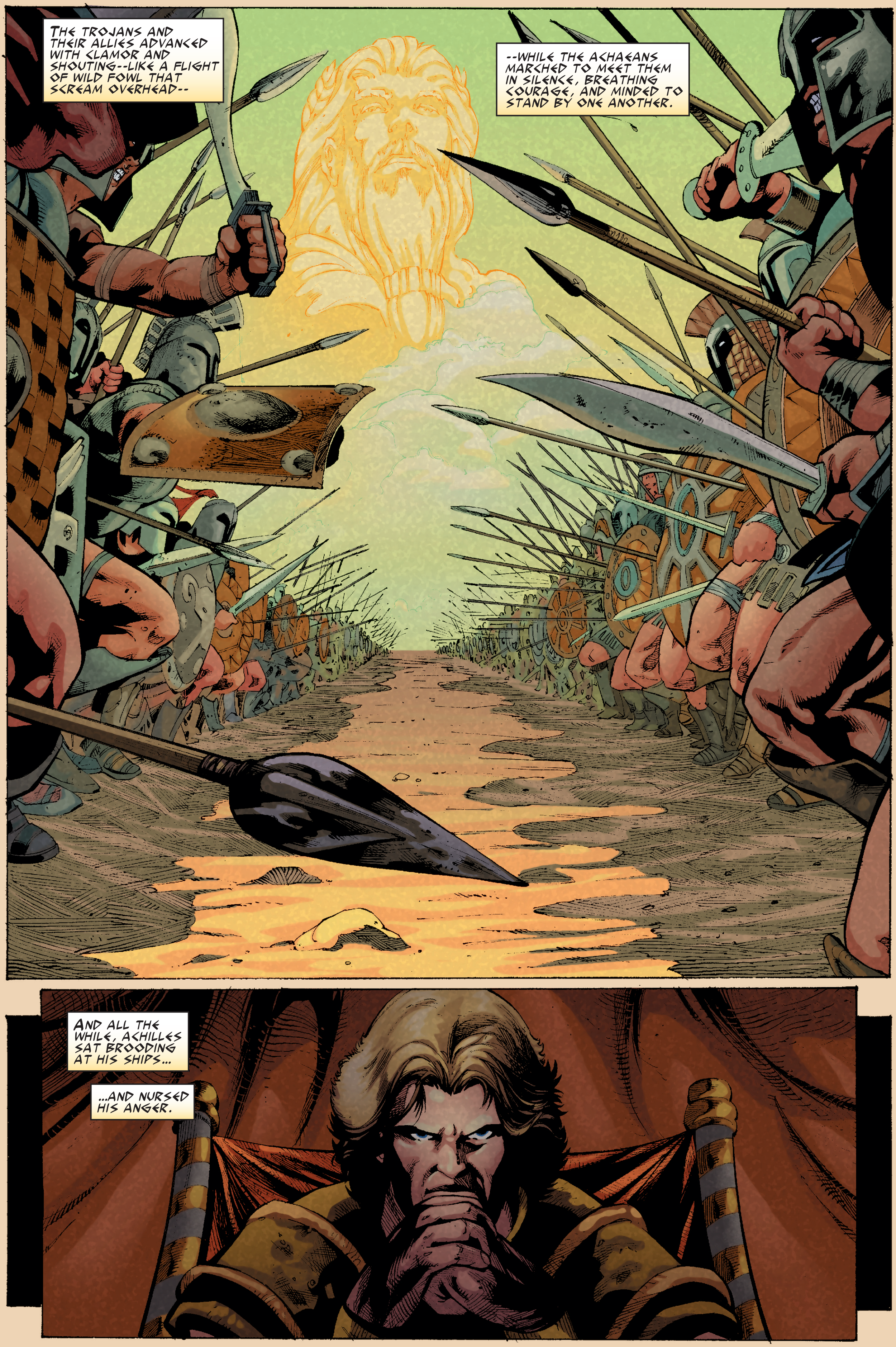

I do not marvel that Achaeans should be restive!
Still, we would be shamed to go home with empty ships after so long a stay.
Surely you all remember how, nine summers ago as our ships gathered at Aulis, a fearful serpent emerged from beneath the altar.
It devoured a brood of eight young sparrows nesting on a high bough--and their mother made a ninth morsel!
Zeus made of this a portent-- a sign--
For he turned the snake to stone before our very eyes!
Sepulveda 07
Marina & Alex + Florea


Then did Calchas prophesy that we would make war for nine years--but in the tenth, we would triumph!
Therefore, stay here, all of you--
--till we take the city of Priam!


THEN DID THE ARGIVES SHOUT ALOUD, UNTIL THE SHIPS RANG WITH THE UPROAR--
--AND THEY HURRIED TO THEIR SHIPS TO PREPARE FOR WAR--
AND EACH MAN GAVE SACRIFICE TO ONE OF THE EVERLASTING GODS, PRAYING HE MIGHT COME ALIVE OUT OF THE FIGHT.


AS, ABOVE...
Go, Iris, fleet as the wind!
Give the grievous message to the Trojans!


THE MEN OF ILIUM WERE HOLDING ASSEMBLY, OLD AND YOUNG...
Hector... Priam...you talk idly, as in time of peace, whilst war is at hand.
The Argive army, thick as sands of the sea, is even now crossing the plain to attack the city.
AND THEY KNEW THEY HAD BEEN WHISPERED TO BY A GODDESS.
We have many allies who have come within the walls of Troy, speaking many tongues.
Let each chief give orders to his own people, and lead them forth to battle!
AND SOON, TROY'S GATES WERE THROWN OPEN WIDE, AND ITS HOST ISSUED FORTH, FOOTMEN AND HORSEMEN--
--WITH THE TUMULT OF A MIGHTY MULTITUDE!


THE TROJANS AND THEIR ALLIES ADVANCED WITH CLAMOR AND SHOUTING--LIKE A FLIGHT OF WILD FOWL THAT SCREAM OVERHEAD--
--WHILE THE ACHAEANS MARCHED TO MEET THEM IN SILENCE, BREATHING COURAGE, AND MINDED TO STAND BY ONE ANOTHER.
AND ALL THE WHILE, ACHILLES SAT BROODING AT HIS SHIPS...
...AND NURSED HIS ANGER.